THE

Jovial Companion.

BEING AN

Entire New Collection

OF THE

Moſt Favourite SONGS

ung this Seaſon at the THEATRES and other PLACES of PUBLIC AMUSEMENT.

CONTAINING

1. The Lucky Eſcape.
2. Jack in his Element.
3. Jolly Sailor's Return.
4. Hen Peck'd Huſband.
5. Ruſling Dick, or Sudden Surpriſe.
6. I've loſt my Heart to Teddy.
7. Anſwer to 'Heaving the Lead.'
8. Britiſh Bravery, or the French at their Trumps.
9. Streamlet that flow'd, &c.
10. Fancy ſtirring Bowl.
11. For you, my lovely Girl.
12. Dadalum doo.
13. A New Song.
14. Flaſhy Jack the Potatoe Man.
15. Bonny Bet.
16. Poſt Boy.
17. It's Time enough yet.
18. Wounded Soldiers Return.
19. Song in 'the Children in the Wood.'
20. Sailor's Return.

Printed and ſold by EVANS No. 41, Long-Lane Weſt-Smithfield, London.

1 THE LUCKY ESCAPE.

I THAT once was a ploughman a sailor am now,
No lark that's aloft in the sky,
Ever flutter'd his wings, to give speed to the plough,
Was so gay and so careless as I;
But my friend was a car-findo aboard a King's ship,
And he ask'd me to go just to sea for a trip,
And he talk'd of such things,
As if sailors were kings,
And so teazing did keep,
That I left my poor plough to be ploughing the deep.
No longer the horn
Call'd me up in the morn,
I trusted to the car findo, and the inconstant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.
I did not much like for to go aboard a ship,
When in danger there's no door to creep out,
I lik'd the jolly tars, I lik'd bumbo and slip,
But I did not like rocking about;
By-and-by came a hurricane, I did not like that,
Next a battle, that many a sailor laid flat,
Ah! cried I, who would roam,
That like me had a home,
When I'd sow and I'd reap,
Ere I left my poor plough, to go ploughing the deep.
Where so sweetly the horn, &c.
At last safe I landed, and in a whole skin,
Nor did I make any long stay,
Ere I found by a friend, who I ask'd for my kin,
Father dead, and my wife run away;
Ah! who but myself, said I, hast thou thou to blame,
Wives losing their husband's oft lose their good name.
Ah! why did I roam,
When so happy at home,
could sow and could reap,
Ere I left my p r plough o go ploughing the p.
When so sweetly the horn
Call'd me up in the morn,
Curse light upon the car-findo, &c.
Why, if that be the case, said this very same friend,
And you ben't no more minded to roam,
Gi's a shake by the fist, all your care's at an end,
Dad's alive, and your wife's safe at home;
Stark staring with joy I leapt out of my skin,
Buss'd my wife, mother, sister, and all of my kin:
Now, cry'd I, let them roam
Who want a good home,
I am well so I'll keep,
Nor again leave the plough to go ploughing the deep.
Once more shall the horn
Call me up in the morn,
Nor any d— car-findo, &c.

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2. JACK IN HIS ELEMENT.

BOLD Jack the sailor, here I come,
Pray how do you like my nib
My trowsers white, and trampers trim,
My nab and flowing jib;
I sail the seas from end to end,
And lead a joyous life,
At every mess we find a friend,
At every port a wife.
I have heard them talk of constancy,
Of grief, and such like fun;
I have constant been to ten, cry'd I,
But never griev'd for one;
The flowing sails we tars unbend,
To leave a roving life,
At every mess we find a friend,
At every port a wife.
I have a spanking wife at Portsmouth gates,
A pigmy at Goree,
An orange tawny up the Straights,
A black at St. Lucie;
Thus whatsoever course we bend,
We lead a jovial life,
At every mess we find a friend,
At every port wife.

Will Gaffe by death was ta'en aback,
I came to bring the news,
Poll whimper'd ſore, but what did Jack,
Why, ſtood in William's ſhoes;
She cut, I chac'd, and in the end,
She lov'd me as her life,
So ſhe has got an honeſt friend,
And I a loving wife.
Come all you ſailors that do go
The unfortunate ſeas to rub,
You muſt work, love, and fight your foes,
And drink your gen'rous bub;
Storms that our maſts in ſplinters tear,
Can take our joyous life,
In every want we find a friend,
In every port a wife.

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3. THE JOLLY SAILOR'S RETURN.

'TWAS ſilent night all huſh'd around,
When mortals lay them down to ſleep,
A voice I heard, which did ſo ſound,
Crying, Mary do no longer weep,
Once more your ſailor is return'd,
That many a night for you has mourn'd.
Be blithe and gay,
Come let us be merry while we may,
And let the muſic ſweetly play,
Your Jack is return'd.
O what is this that I do hear,
It is the voice of him I do love ſo dear,
He is now return'd, I plainly ſee,
With joy and love, once more to me;
My ſenſes they are almoſt flown,
Yet joy and mirth there ſhall abound.
I'm glad that he is come from ſea,
Joyful and merry we will be,
The bells ſhall ring ſo merrily,
As he's return'd.
Like lightning this young damſel flew
To the arms of him ſhe did adore, [dear,
Crying, welcome, welcome, my deareſt
You are welcome now once more on ſhore;
One night when ſlumbering on my bed,
Troubled dreams run in my head,
But ſince you have return'd, I will no longer mourn.
But let us join our hearts and hands,
So jovially in wedlock' bands,
Never from each other to depart
Come let us away.
Then this young ſailor he did ſay,
When firſt from you I went away,
I little thought that ever I,
Such dreadful dangers ſhould eſſay;
When out at ſea, I thought on thee,
But now return'd, wedded we will be,
In joy and love, like turtle doves,
Dry up thoſe tears, my charming fair,
The muſic it ſhall ſweetly rend the air,
As I'm return'd.
Straightway to church they did repair,
This jolly young ſailor and maiden ſo fair;
The bells did ring for joy that day,
And muſic did ſo ſweetly play,
Such joy and mirth there did abound,
O then this couple they were crown'd.
Bleſt with content their time they ſpend,
And then, to crown this joyous day,
Our time we ſweetly paſs away,
In mutual love.
Now all ye young laſſes with patience wait,
Your ſailor may return, tho' it be late.
Be true to him while he is away,
And for gratitude he will you repay;
For ſailors they are hearty boys,
They value neither crowd nor noiſe,
But when they are free from the raging ſea,
O then ſo merrily they do ſing,
As blithe and gay as any King,
Bleſt once more on ſhore.

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4. THE HENPECK'D HUSBAND.

A HUSBAND I am, as tame as a lamb,
To work every morning I trudge it,
But work early or late, ſo hard is my fate,
No caſh can I carry in my budget.
So take care ye blades how you court the young maids,
Tho' you think yourſelves men of mettle
Unleſs you may rue, mark what I ſay true,
For you all the ſame ſtate

Muſt ſettle ſettle, fal de ral, muſt ſettle, fal de ral,
For you all their debts muſt ſettle.
My days labour being done, then home I return,
In hopes to get reſt from my labour,
Then at my door I knock, which, alas! I find is lock'd,
And my wife ſhe is gone to a neighbour.
After her then I go, 'tis my duty, you know,
Pray mark my terrible diſaſter,
To ſcold ſhe thinks no ſin, but thus ſhe does begin—
You dog, I will always be your maſter.
But this is not all, thro' the ſtreets at me ſhe bawls,
And when I get into my bed-room, ſirs,
Come, Jerry, you've get a winn, go fetch me more gin,
To deny her, I dare not preſume, ſirs.
In the morning when I ariſe, unto my great ſurpriſe,
All my furniture and clothes I find gone, ſirs,
Duplicates galore are ſcattered on the floor,
To ruin me ſure ſhe was born, ſirs.
All you that have good wives, pray love them as your lives,
To them pray be kind and civil,
But I hope you'll pity me, for you all muſt agree,
I have marry'd a nymph of the devil.
So take care, &c.

5. RUSSLING DICK; OR, THE SUDDEN SURPRISE.

A TAYLOR boy was ſent one day,
Some candles for to bring,
And going into the chandler's ſhop,
No ſoul was there to be ſeen;
So loudly he did knock and call,
But no anſwer there was made,
But there did hear—and a thump, thump
Twas over the Taylor's head.
Young Snip being cunning, ſly, and ſure,
He gently crept up ſtairs,
Not willing for to ſpoil the ſport,
Nor hinder their affairs;
And there he ſaw young Ruſsling Dick
Between his miſtreſs's thighs.
And there did he ſee—and a thump, thump—
He beheld it with his eyes.
The ſport it being all over,
And juſt a going to riſe,
There they eſpy'd the taylor's boy,
Who them did much ſurpriſe:
She cries, my lad, be ſure don't tell,
And you ſhall find me kind,
And you ſhall have—and a thump, thump—
If that will pleaſe your mind.
Young Snip being cunning, ſly and ſure
He quickly anſwer'd no,
But I will fetch my ſhopmate Dick,
He loves to ſerve folks ſo:
He is a briſk and a lively lad,
And I will fetch him out of hand,
And he ſhall have—and a thump, thump
For I do not underſtand.
She put her hand in her pocket,
She gave him out ſixpence,
Thinking that that would ſtop his mouth
For ſix or ſeven years hence;
And ſhe gave him a cucumber,
To fill his hungry maw,
That he might not ſpeak—of a thump, thump—
Nor tell that his eyes e'er ſaw.
Come all ye roving taylors,
That travel away from home,
Be ſure you do take care of your wives,
And lock them in a room;
For if you don't they'll wanton play,
For the chandler's wife did ſo,
And then you will a cuckold be,
If you have but one mile go.

6. I'VE LOST MY HEART TO TEDDY.

YOUNG Teddy is an Iriſh lad,
So blithe, ſo tight, ſo merry,
And when in ſcarlet beaver clad,
The pride of Londonderry.

Then Teddy ſhun the war for me,
Ah! Norah, be but ſteady,
But, arrah now, it cann't be,
I've loſt my heart to Teddy.
O I've loſt my heart to Teddy.
When firſt we met 'twould make you laugh,
We look'd ſo each other,
But Cupid play'd too ſure by half,
My heart was in a pother;
Ted ſeiz'd my hand, and ſtole a kiſs;
Indeed, ſaid I, already;
force'd a frown, but 'twas amiſs,
I'd loſt my heart to Teddy.
Whene'er the creature meets me now,
'Tis love, when ſhall we marry;
I'm half inclin'd to keep my vow,
And that is—not to tarry;
Oh! 'tis ſo ſweet to tye the knot,
And Hymen's always ready,
A huſband is—what is he not?
I've loſt my heart to Teddy.

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7. AN ANSWER TO 'HEAVING THE LEAD.'

FROM Celia's charms unwilling torn,
To Belgia's plains my courſe I bent,
And all I love I left to mourn,
But took an heart with anguiſh rent.
To join my corps I fearleſs hy'd,
While our commander cheerly cry'd,
"To the battle—march."
And joining next amidſt the fight,
With courage ſuch as Britons boaſt,
We put the vanquiſh'd foe to flight,
And then purſu'd their broken hoſt,
Then none with thoughts of danger ſigh'd
But all with courage cheerly cry'd,
"The victory—ſhout."
And when the rage of war is o'er,
Diſcharg'd, our courſe we homeward ſteer,
The much lov'd home we left before,
We now recal with joys and tears:
And while along the waves we glide,
With pleaſing thoughts we cheerly cry'd,
"For Britannia's—ſhore."

8. BRITISH BRAVERY; OR, THE FRENCH AT THEIR TRUMPS.

COME, Britons all, let's now rejoice,
Long life to George our King,
In my country's praiſe I'll ſtrain my voice
Join chorus now and ſing,
Britiſh boys are ſtaunch and free,
Old England ſtill victorious;
We'll boldly face our enemy,
And drive the French before us.
Like warlike boys, reſolv'd we be
Our courage not to ſlack,
The French aſſaſſins ſoon ſhall ſee
Their country go to rack.
We'll ſtorm their forts, and take their towns,
Their coaſts we will invade;
We are loyal Britons of renown,
And ne'er was ye diſmay'd.
All their Weſt India iſlands ſoon we'll take,
The French are now in the dumps,
Glorious conqueſts for to make,
We'll put them to their trumps.
For luſtre to King George's crown,
Sweet victory now ſhe ſmiles,
French St. Domingo now's our own,
The largeſt of their iſles.
Eleven ſail of veſſels too,
A glorious golden prize,
Loaded with ſugar, indigo,
Cotton, and caſh likewiſe.
Juſt like Toulon the French came down
To quit their grievous caſe;
Surrender'd to the Britiſh crown,
With joy gave up the place.
Succeſs attend our Britiſh arms,
Now both by land and ſea,
We'll put an end to war's alarms,
And down with tyranny.
So here's a health to George our King,
So juſtly he's ador'd;
To the Duke of York let echo ring,
Likewiſe to brave Lord Hood.
Now bumpers fill unto the brim,
To ſweethearts and our wives,
Our lovely children, think of them,
The comfort of our lives.
Succeſs to all our worthy friends,
Who think on us at home,

To comfort us warm cloathing ſends,
God proſper them unknown.

9. THE STREAMLET.

THE ſtreamlet that flow'd round my cot,
All the charms of my Emily knew,
How oft has its courſe been forgot,
While it paus'd, her dear image to view.
Believe me, the fond ſilver tide [prize.
Knew from whence it deriv'd the fair
For ſilently ſwelling with pride,
It reflected her back to the ſkies.

10. THE FANCY STIRRING BOWL.

WHEN the fancy ſtirring bowl,
Wakes it world of pleaſure,
Glowing viſion gilds my ſoul,
And life's an endleſs treaſure;
Memory decks my waſted heart,
Fluſh with gay deſire,
Rays divine my ſenſes dart,
And kindling hope inſpire.
Then who'd be grave,
When wine can ſave,
The heavieſt ſoul from ſinking,
And magic grapes,
Give angel ſhapes,
To every girl we're drinking.
Here ſweet benignity and love
Shed their influence round me,
Gather'd ills of life remove,
And leave me as they found me;
Tho' my head may ſwim, yet true,
Still to nature's feeling,
Peace and beauty ſwim there too,
And rock me as I'm reeling.
On love's ſoft pillow, tender truth
Her penſive leſſon taught me,
Age ſoon mock'd the dream of youth,
And wiſdom wak'd and caught me;
A bargain then with love I knock'd,
To hold the pleaſing gipſey,
When wiſe to keep my boſom lock'd,
But turn'd the key when tipſey.
When time had ſwag'd my heated heart,
The grey beard, blind and ſimple,
Forgot to cool one little part.
Juſt fluſh'd by Lucy's dimple;
That ſpark's enough of beauty's lip
To warm an honeſt fellow,
And tho' it touch'd me not when rip
It melts me ſtill when mellow.
This life's a voyage they declare,
With ſcarce a port to hide in,
Perhaps it may, for pride or care,
That not a ſea I ride in;
Here floats my ſoul, till fancy's eye
Her realms of bliſs diſcover,
Bright worlds that fair in proſpect lie
To him that's half ſeas over.

11. FOR YOU, MY LOVELY GIRL.

COME, pretty Poll, from tears refra
And, deareſt maid, believe,
It wrings my heart with cruel pain,
To ſee my charmer grieve;
Then dry thoſe tears, and e'er I go,
Each anxious fear diſpel,
And bold I'll meet my country's foes
For you, my lovely girl.
For bold I'll meet, &c.
A ſailor ſcorns the name of ſlave,
And when he's call'd to war,
Will teach the foe what 'tis to brave,
A dauntleſs Britiſh tar;
Then bid, my life, thoſe ſighs adieu
Thoſe lucid tears farewel,
I fly to conquer, love, for you,
For you, my lovely girl.
The ſignal's fir'd, I'm call'd away,
'Tis will'd that we muſt part,
But tho' forbid with thee to ſtay,
I bear thee in my heart;
Then let not Polly be concern'd,
For Hymen ſoon ſhall tell,
Thy ſailor's ſafe from war return'd,
For you, my lovely girl.

12. DADALUM DOO.

AS I was walking thro' Chelſea Park,
There I met with a lovely laſs;
She ſqueez'd my hand, and fingers too
And bid me play with her dadalum doo
Dadalum doo.
When ſhe came to her father's hall,
Down on her bended knees did fall

ardon me, daddy and mammy, do,
he young man has ſpoilt my dadalum doo.
old man then, in a rage he cry'd,
daughter, I fear you are with child,
vé ſpoilt your fortune and marriage too,
h you had ne'er had a dadalum doo.
dalum doo, what do you call that!
ſomething reſembling your granny's cat;
ough, and hairy, and ſkinny too,
ch gives it the name of the dadalum doo.
all young men, both far and near,
ave you all be of good cheer;
when you find we buckle too,
re you catch by our dadalum doo.

13. A NEW SONG.

EN Mary heard young Sandy's tale,
d ſlumb'ring ſaw his death-like ſhade,
blooming features all turn'd pale,
nd all her wonted beauty fled;
words, ſaid ſhe, my grief expreſs,
hy didſt thou, Sandy, croſs the ſea,
are now my ſorrows increas'd,
t, ſay'ſt thou, weep no more for me.
didſt thou leave the peaceful ſhore,
make the rocks thy dying bed;
did the boiſterous billows roar,
nd ſport about thy drooping head;
well might horror chill thy blood,
t didſt thou then remember me,
cruel rocks, relentleſs flood!
ndy, I muſt ſtill weep for thee.
, lovely ſhadow, art thou flown?
w haſt thou now increas'd my woe,
thou to happier regions gone?
nd muſt I languiſh here below?
haſte and guide me to that ſhore,
here love's from diſappointment free,
re you and I ſhall part no more,
here I ſhall ceaſe to weep for thee.
arthley bliſs I'd gladly leave,
uld I thy floating body find,
orn the rocks, deſpite the waves,
lay my duſt to reſt with thine;
whelm'd with grief, ſhe droop'd her head,
e's funcſi ns all at once gave way,
n ſoft and low ſhe dying ſaid,
ndy, I ceaſe to weep for thee.

FLASHY JACK THE POTATOE MAN

name's flaſhy Jack, I'll tell you for why,
my neddy and ſack I potatoes do cry,
f you want any, why come here and buy.
o'll buy my potatoes, who'll buy potatoes,
o'll buy potatoes, who'll buy.
nacky crop and blue jacket ſo ſmart,
ure to gain all the fair maiden's hearts,
Mind how the rogues twig me, as I do paſs by,
Who'll buy my potatoes, &c.
My buſineſs is done by twelve in the day,
At night like a gemman I ſtrut to the play,
Or elſe unto Aſtley's I'm ſure for to hie,
Tho' I cry potatoes, who'll buy, &c.
Come, my good friends, here's ſucceſs to trade,
Let's have good jobs, let 'em all be well paid,
May fortune attend you, and good ſucceſs on I,
When I cry potatoes, who'll buy, &c.

15. BONNY BET.

NO more I'll court the town-bred fair,
Who ſhines in artificial beauty,
For native charms, without compare,
Claim all my love, reſpect, and duty.
O my bonny, bonny Bet, ſweet bloſſom,
Was I a King, ſo proud to wear thee,
From off the verdant couch I'd bear thee,
To grace thy faithful lover's boſom,
O my bonny, bonny Bet.
Yet aſk me where thoſe beauties lie,
I cannot ſay in ſmile or dimple,
In blooming cheeks, or radient eye,
'Tis happy nature, wild and ſimple.
Let dainty beaux for ladies pine,
And ſigh in numbers trite and common;
Ye gods, one darling wife be mine,
And all I aſk is lovely woman.
Come, deareſt girl, the roſy bowl,
Like thy bright eyes, with pleaſure dancing,
My heaven art thou, ſo take my ſoul,
With rapture ev'ry ſenſe entrancing.

16. THE POSTBOY.

I'M a Hounſlow young man, and Teddy's my name,
Full many a job have I drove,
Yet never croſs'd nag that was wingal'd or lame,
But always had ſuch as would move;
A tight pair of buckskins, and boots jetty black,
My ſpurs ever poliſh'd and ſmart,
A trim little jacket to put on my back,
Was always the pride of my heart.
A good ten mile an hour in common my pace,
Where leaving behind ev'ry nip,
They try to put by, but I lead them a chace,
And tip them the ſmack of the whip;
When oft as I'm driving along in this ſtile,
Thro' many a town as I go,
The girls of each inn will beſtow me a ſmile,
Their meaning I very well know.
Then I find 'em a-gig whenever I call,
And loll at my eaſe on return;
I laugh and I jeer, and I talk with 'em all,
But Patty's my only concern;
At an inn near to Windſor this little rogue dwells,
Well known by her nice winning air,

That all other girls of the place she excels,
And is call'd pretty Patty the fair.
We have both made a vow, should we get the
To marry, and so become one, [ſtuff,
As others have done, for 'tis common enough,
We'll ſet up an inn of our own; [ſir,
Then ſhe'll be call'd madam, and I'll be call'd
We'll ſtick up the ſign of the hat,
Mongſt poſtboys and waiters I'll buſtle and ſtir,
While Patt hollows loud in the bar.

17. IT'S TIME ENOUGH YET.

A TERM full as long as the ſiege of old Troy,
To win a ſweet girl I my time did employ,
As often I urg'd her the day of our marriage to ſet.
As often ſhe anſwer'd, It's time enough yet.
I told her at laſt that her paſſion was wrong,
Once more, that I would not be fool'd with ſo long,
She burſt out a laughing at ſeeing me fret, [yet.
And humming her tune, ſaid 'Tis time enough
Reſolv'd by her to be fool'd with no more,
I flew from her preſence, and bounc'd out of door,
Reſolv'd ſuch uſage, ſome better I'd get,
Said, on her my eyes again never would ſet.
Next morning a woman came to me in haſte,
And beg'd, for God's ſake, I'd forget what was paſt;
She ſaid, the young lady did nothing but fret,
I told her I thought on't, 'Twas time enough yet.
Next in a letter as long as my arm, (harm,
She declar'd from her ſoul ſhe intended no
And begg'd me the day of our marriage to ſet,
I ſent her anſwer, 'Twas time enough yet.
But this was ſcarce gone, when an anſwer I got
To ſhew in my heart I began to repent, (ſent,
I begg'd I might ſee her, together we met,
We kiſs'd and were friends again, ſo we are yet.

18. THE WOUNDED SOLDIER'S RETURN

WHEN whiſtling winds, I heard, tho' in my bed,
My ſoldier he was forc'd from me to go;
Yet with ſtrong reluctance we from each other fled,
This cruel war has prov'd my overthrow.
The firſt draught that came he was ordered for
Abroad, to face his daring enemy; [to go
Saying, I'll return with gold and ſilver too,
will return, my dear, don't be diſmay'd.
It was ſcarce three months before a letter came,
He was wounded at the ſiege of Valenciennes;
But he return'd, tho' wounded he was ſore,
Saying, I've come home, no longer do deſpair.
Tho' thou art diſabled, ſtill I do thee love,
In Hymen's bands let's cloſely be confin'd;
As the dove's true to its mate, o o thee I'
prove, (join'
So in wedlock's bands we'll quickly now b
All that have a ſoldier that you do love,
Be true to him, altho' he's far away; (prove
Heaven's may protect him, while you conſt
He may return both merry, blithe and ga

19. SONG IN 'CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

SEE, brother! ſee on yonder bough
The Robin ſits;—hark! hear him now!
Liſten, brother, to the note,
From pretty Robin red-breaſt's throat—
Sweeteſt bird that ever flew,
Whiſtle, Robin, loodle loo!
Lood e loo, ſweet Robin.

20. THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

THE breeze was freſh, the ſhip in plays,
Each breaker huſh'd the ſhore abaze,
When Jack, no more on duty call'd,
His true love's token overhaul'd.
The broken gold, the braided hair,
The tender motto, writ ſo fair,
Upon his 'bacco box he views,
Nancy the Poet, Love the Muſe—
If you love I as I love you,
No pair ſo happy as we two.
The ſtorm, that like a ſhapeleſs wreck,
Had ſtrew'd with rigging all the deck,
That tars for ſharks had given a feaſt,
And left the ſhip a huſk, had ceas'd,
When Jack, as with his meſſmates dear,
He ſhar'd the grog, their hearts to cheer,
Took from his 'bacco box a quid,
And ſpelled for comfort on the lid—
If you love I as I love you,
No pair ſo happy as we two.
The battle that with horror grim,
Had madly ravag'd life and limb,
Had ſcuppers drench'd with human gore,
And widow'd many a wife, was o'er,
When Jack, to his companions dear,
Firſt paid the tribute of a tear,
Then, as his 'bacco box he held,
Reſtor'd his comfort as he ſpell'd—
If you love I as I love you,
No pair ſo happy as we two.
The voyage, that had been long and hard,
But that had yielded full reward,
That brought each ſailor to his friend,
Happy and rich, was at an end;
When Jack, his toils and perils o'er,
Behold his Nancy on the ſhore,
He then his 'bacco box diſplay'd,
And cry'd and ſeiz'd the yielding maid,
If you love I as I love you,
No pair ſo happy as we two.

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That all other girls of the place she excels,
And is call'd pretty Patty the fair.
We have both made a vow, should we get the
To marry, and so become one, [huff,
As others have done, for 'tis common enough,
We'll set up an inn of our own; [sir,
Then she'll be call'd madam, and I'll be call'd
We'll stick up the sign of the hat,
Mong st postboys and waiters I'll bustle and stir,
While Patt hollows loud in the bar.

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17. IT'S TIME ENOUGH YET.

A TERM full as long as the siege of old Troy,
To win a sweet girl I my time did employ,
As often I urg'd her the day of our marriage to set.
As often she answer'd, It's time enough yet.
I told her at last that her passion was wrong,
Once more, that I would not be fool'd with so long,
She burst out a laughing at seeing me fret, yet.
And humming her tune, said, 'Tis time enough
Resolv'd by her to be fool'd with no more,
I flew from her presence, and bounc'd out of door,
Resolv'd such usage, some better I'd get,
Said, on her my eyes again never would set.
Next morning a woman came to me in haste,
And beg'd, for God's sake, I'd forget what was past;
She said, the young lady did nothing but fret,
I told her I thought on't, I was time enough yet.
Next in a letter as long as my arm, (harm,
She declar'd from her soul she intended no
And begg'd me the day of our marriage to set,
I sent her answer, 'Twas time enough yet.
But this was scarce gone, when an answer I got,
To grieve in my heart I began to repent, (sent,
I begg'd I might see her, together we met,
We kiss'd and were friends again, so we are yet.

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18. THE WOUNDED SOLDIER'S RETURN.

WHEN whistling winds, I heard, tho' in my bed,
My soldier he was forc'd from me to go;
Yet with strong reluctance we from each other fled,
This cruel war has prov'd my overthrow.
The first draught that came he was ordered for
Abroad, to face his daring enemy; [to go
Saying, I'll return with gold and silver too,
will return, my dear, don't be dismay'd.
It was scarce three months before a letter came,
He was wounded at the siege of Valenciennes;
But he return'd, tho' wounded he was sore,
Saying, I've come home, no longer do despair,
Tho' thou art disabled, still I do thee love,
In Hymen's bands let's closely be confin'd;
As the dove's true to its mate, so thee I prove,
So in wedlock's bands we'll quickly now join'
All that have a soldier that you do love,
Be true to him, altho' he's far away,
Heaven's may protect him, while you constant
He may return both merry, blithe and gay.

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19. SONG IN 'CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.'

SEE, brother! see on yonder bough
The Robin sits;—hark! hear him now!
Listen, brother, to the note,
From pretty Robin red-breast's throat—
Sweetest bird that ever flew,
Whistle, Robin, loodle loo!
Lood e loo, sweet Rob n.

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20. THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

THE breeze was fresh, the ship n plays,
Each breaker hush'd the shore abaze,
When Jack, no more on duty call'd,
His true love's token overhaul'd.
The broken gold, the braided hair,
The tender motto, writ so fair,
Upon his 'bacco box he views,
Nancy the Poet, Love the Muse—
If you love I as I love you,
No pair so happy as we two.
The storm, that like a shapeless wreck,
Had strew'd with rigging all the deck,
That tars for sharks had given a feast,
And left the ship a hulk, had ceas'd,
When Jack, as with his messmates dear,
He shar'd the grog, their hearts to cheer,
Took from his 'bacco box a quid,
And spelled for comfort on the lid—
If you love I as I love you,
No pair so happy as we two.
The battle that with horror grim,
Had madly ravag'd life and limb,
Had scuppers drench'd with human gore,
And widow'd many a wife, was o'er,
When Jack, to his companions dear,
First paid the tribute of a tear,
Then, as his 'bacco box he held,
Restor'd his comfort as he spell'd—
If you love I as I love you,
No pair so happy as we two.
The voyage, that had been long and hard,
But that had yielded full reward,
That brought each sailor to his friend,
Happy and rich, was at an end;
When Jack, his toils and perils o'er,
Beheld his Nancy on the shore,
He then his 'bacco box display'd,
And cry'd and seiz'd the yielding maid,
If you love I as I love you,
No pair so happy as we two.

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